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L
LIONEL and CLARISSA;

OR, THE

Fra. Warren

SCHOOL FOR FATHERS.

A COMIC OPERA.



ISAAC BICKERSTAFF:

TAKEN FROM

THE MANAGER'S BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane.

L O N D O N: [1790]

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

M E N.

Lionel	—	Mr. Kelly
Colonel Oldboy	—	Mr. Parsons
Sir John Flowerdale	—	Mr. Aickin
Jeffamy	—	Mr. Dodd
Jenkins	—	Mr. Bannister
Harman	—	Mr. Williams

W O M E N.

Clariffa	—	Mrs. Crouch
Lady Mary Oldby	—	Mrs. Hopkins
Diana	—	Miss George
Jenny	—	Mrs. Wrighten.

LIONEL AND CLARISSA.

ACT I. SCENE, *Colonel Oldboy's house: Oldboy, and Jenkins; and Diana playing upon the harpsichord.*

Diana.

A H how delightful the morning,
How sweet are the prospects—it yields!
Summer luxuriant adorning
The gardens, the groves, and the fields.

Be greatful to the season,
Its pleasures let's employ!
Kind nature gives, and reason
Permits us to enjoy.

Col. Well said, Dy; thank you, Dy. This, master Jenkins, is the way I make my daughter entertain me every morning at breakfast. Come here and kiss me, you slut; come here and kiss me, you baggage.

Dian. Lord, papa, you call one such names——

Col. A fine girl, master Jenkins, a devilish fine girl! she has got my eye to a twinkle. There's fire for you!—spirit!—I design to marry her to a duke: how much money do you think a duke would expect with such a wench?

Jen. Why, Colonel, with submission, I think there is no occasion to go out of our own country here; we have never a duke in it, I believe; but we have many an honest gentleman, who, in my opinion, might deserve the young lady.

Col. So you would have me marry Dy to a country squire, eh! How say you to this, Dy? Would not you rather be married to a Duke?

Dian. So my husband's a rake, papa, I don't care what he is.

Col. A rake! you damned confounded little baggage; why, you would not wish to marry a rake, would you? So her husband is a rake, she does not care what he is!—Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Dian. Well, but listen to me, papa—When you go out with your gun, do you take any pleasure in shooting the poor tame ducks and chickens in your yard? No, the partridge, the pheasant, the woodcock, are the game; there is some sport in bringing them down, because they are wild; and it is just the same with an husband or a lover. I would not waste powder and shot to wound one of our sober pretty behaved gentlemen: but to hit a libertine, extravagant, madcap fellow, to take him upon the wing——

LIONEL AND CLARISSA :

Col. Do you hear her, master Jenkins? Ha, ha, ha!

Jen. Well, but good Colonel, what do you say to my worthy and honourable patron here, Sir John Flowerdale? He has an estate of eight thousand pounds a year, as well paid rents as any in the kingdom, and but one only daughter to enjoy it; and yet he is willing, you see, to give this daughter to your son.

Dian. Pray, Mr. Jenkins, how does Miss Clarissa and our university friend, Mr. Lionel? This is the only grave young man I ever liked, and the only handsome one I ever was acquainted with, that did not make love to me.

Col. Ay, master Jenkins, who is this Lionel? They say he is a damned witty, knowing fellow; and egad I think him well enough for one brought up in a college.

Jen. His father was a general officer, a particular friend of Sir John's, who, like many more brave men that live and die in defending their country, left little else than honour behind him. Sir John sent this young man, at his own expence, to Oxford: where, while his son lived, they were upon the same footing: and since our young gentleman's death, which you know unfortunately happened about two years ago, he has continued him there. During the vacation he is come to pay us a visit, and Sir John intends that he shall shortly take orders for a very considerable benefice in the gift of the family, the present incumbent of which is an aged man.

Dian. The last time I was at your house, he was teaching Miss Clarissa mathematics and philosophy. Lord! what a strange brain I have! If I was to sit down to distract myself with such studies—

Col. Go, hussy, let some of your brother's rascals inform their master that he has been long enough at his toilet; here is a message from Sir John Flowerdale—You a brain for mathematics, indeed! We shall have women wanting to head our regiments to-morrow or next day.

Dian. Well, papa, and suppose we did. I believe, in a battle of the sexes, you men would hardly get the better of us.

To rob them of strength, when wise Nature thought fit
By women to still do her duty,

Instead of a sword, she endues them with wit,
And gave them a shield in their beauty.

Sound, sound then the trumpet, both sexes to arms!
Our tyrants at once and protectors!

We quickly shall see, whether courage or charms

Decide for the Helens or Hectors. [Exit.

Col. Well, master Jenkins! don't you think now that a nobleman, a duke, an earl, or a marquis, might be content to share his title—I say, you understand me—with a sweetener of thirty or forty thousand pounds, to pay off mortgages? Besides there's a prospect of my whole estate; for, I dare swear her brother will never have any children.

Jen. I should be concerned at that, Colonel, when there are two such fortunes to descend to his heirs, as yours and Sir John Flowerdale's.

Col. Why, look you, master Jenkins, Sir John Flowerdale is an honest gentleman; our families are nearly related; we have been neighbours time out of mind; and if he and I have an odd dispute now and then, it is not for want of a cordial esteem at bottom. He is going to marry his daughter to my son; she is a beautiful girl, an elegant girl, a sensible girl, a worthy girl, and—a word in your ear—damn me, if I an't very sorry for her.

Jen. Sorry! Colonel?

Col. Ay—between ourselves, master Jenkins, my son won't do.

Jen. How do you mean?

Col. I tell you, master Jenkins, he won't do—he is not the thing, a prig—At sixteen years old, or thereabouts, he was a bold sprightly boy, as you should see in a thousand; could drink his pint of port, or his bottle of claret—now he mixes all his wine with water.

Jen. Oh! If that be his only fault, Colonel, he will ne'er make the worse husband, I'll answer for it.

Col. You know my wife is a woman of quality—I was prevailed upon to send him to be brought up by her brother Lord Jessamy, who had no children of his own, and promised to leave him an estate—He has got the estate indeed, but the fellow has taken his lordship's name for it. Now, master Jenkins, I would be glad to know how the name of Jessamy is better than that of Oldboy?

Jen. Well! but, Colonel, it is allowed on all hands, that his lordship has given your son an excellent education.

Col. Psha! he sent him to the university, and to travel, for sooth; but, what of that? I was abroad, and at the university myself, and never a rush the better for either.

B

I quarrelled

I quarrell'd with his lordship about six years before his death, and so had not an opportunity of seeing how the youth went on; if I had, master Jenkins, I would no more have suffered him to be made such a monkey of—He has been in my house but three days, and it is all turned topsy-turvey by him and his rascally servants—then his chamber is like a perfumer's shop, with wash-balls, pastes, and pomatum—and do you know he had the impudence to tell me yesterday at my own table, that I did not now how to behave myself.

Jen. Pray, Colonel, how does my lady Mary?

Col. What, my wife? In the old way, master Jenkins; always complaining; ever something the matter with her head, or her back, or her legs—but we have had the devil to pay lately—she and I did not speak to one another for three weeks.

Jen. How so, sir?

Col. A little affair of jealousy—You must know, my game-keeper's daughter has had a child, and the plaguy baggage takes it into her head to lay it to me—Upon my soul, it is a fine fat chubby infant, as ever I set my eyes on; I have sent it to nurse; and, between you and me, I believe I shall leave it a fortune.

Jen. Ah, Colonel, you will never give over.

Col. You know my lady has a pretty vein of poetry; she writ me an heroic epistle upon it, where she calls me her dear false Damon; so I let her cry a little, promised to do so no more, and now we are as good friends as ever.

Jen. Well, Colonel, I must take my leave: I have delivered my message, and Sir John may expect the pleasure of your company to dinner?

Col. Ay, ay, we'll come—pox o' ceremony among friends. But won't you stay to see my son; I have sent to him, and suppose he will be here as soon as his valet-de-chambre will give him leave.

Jen. There is no occasion, good sir: present my humble respects, that's all.

Col. Well, but, zounds, Jenkins, you must not go till you drink something—let you and I have a bottle of hock—

Jen. Not for the world, Colonel; I never touch any thing strong in the morning.

Col. Never touch any thing strong! Why, one bottle won't hurt you, man—this is old, and as mild as milk.

Jen. Well, but, Colonel, pray excuse me.

To tell you the truth,
 In the days of my youth,
 As mirth and nature bid,
 I lik'd a glass,
 And I lov'd a lass,
 And I did as younkers did.
 But now I am old,
 With grief be it told,
 I must those freaks forbear;
 At sixty-three,
 'Twixt you and me,

A man grows worse for wear. [Exit,

Enter Jessamy, and Lady Mary Olaboy.

Lady M. Shut the door, why don't you shut the door there? Have you a mind I should catch my death;—This house is absolutely the cave of Æolus; one had as good live on the eddy-stone, or in a wind-mill.

Jes. I thought they told your ladyship that there was a messenger here from Sir John Flowerdale?

Col. Well, sir, and so there was; but he had not patience to wait upon your curling-irons. Mr. Jenkins was here, Sir John Flowerdale's steward, who has lived in the family these forty years.

Jes. And pray, sir, might not Sir John Flowerdale have come himself? if he had been acquainted with the rules of good breeding, he would have known that I ought to have been visited.

Lady M. Upon my word, Colonel, this is a solecism.

Col. 'Sblood, my lady, it's none. Sir John Flowerdale came but last night from my sister's seat in the west, and is a little out of order. But I suppose he thinks he ought to appear before him with his daughter in one hand, and his rent-roll in the other, and cry, Sir, pray do me the favour to accept them.

Lady M. Nay, but, Mr. Oldboy, permit me to say—

Col. He need not give himself so many affected airs; I think it's very well if he gets such a girl for going for; she's one of the handsomest and richest in this country, and more than he deserves.

Jes. That's an exceeding fine china jar your ladyship has got in the next room; I saw the fellow of it the other day at Williams's, and will send to my agent to purchase it: it is the true matchless old blue and white. Lady Betty Barebones has a couple that she gave an hundred guineas for, on board an Indiaman; but she reckons them

at a hundred and twenty-five, on account of half a dozen plates, four Nankin beakers, and a couple of shaking mandarins, that the custom-house officers took from under her petticoats.

Col. Did you ever hear the like of this ! He's chattering about old china, while I am talking to him of a fine girl. I tell you what, Mr. Jeffamy, since that's the name you choose to be called by, I have a good mind to knock you down.

Jef. Knock me down, Colonel ! What do you mean ? I must tell you, sir, this is a language to which I have not been accustomed ; and if you think proper to continue to repeat it, I shall be under a necessity of quitting your house.

Col. Quitting my house ?

Jef. Yes, sir, incontinently.

Col. Why, sir, am not I your father, sir ? and have I not a right to talk to you as I like ? I will, sirrah. But, perhaps I mayn't be your father, and I hope not.

Lady M. Heavens and earth, Mr. Oldboy !

Col. What's the matter, madam ! I mean, madam, that he might have been changed at nurse, madam ; and I believe he was.

Jef. Huh ! huh ! huh !

Col. Do you laugh at me, you saucy jackanapes !

Lady M. Who's there ?—somebody bring me a chair. Really, Mr. Oldboy, you throw my weakly frame into such repeated convulsions—but I see your aim ; you want to lay me in my grave, and you will very soon have that satisfaction.

Col. I can't bear the sight of him.

Lady M. Open that window, give me air, or I shall faint.

Jef. Hold, hold, let me tie a handkerchief about my neck first. This cursed sharp north wind—Antoine, bring down my muff.

Col. Ay, do, and his great-coat.

Lady M. Margaret, some hartshorn. My dear Mr. Oldboy, why will you fly out in this way, when you know how it shocks my tender nerves ?

Col. 'Sblood, madam, its enough to make a man mad.

Lady M. Hartshorn ! Hartshorn !

Jef. Colonel !

Col. Do you hear the puppy ?

Jef. Will you give me leave to ask you one question ?

Col.

Col. I don't know whether I will or not.

Jes. I should be glad to know, that's all, what single circumstance in my conduct, carriage, or figure, you can possibly find fault with—Perhaps I may be brought to reform—Pr'ythee, let me hear from your own mouth then, seriously what it is you do like, and what it is you do not like.

Col. Hum!

Jes. Be ingenuous, speak and spare not.

Col. You would know?

Zounds, sir! then I'll tell you without any jest.

The thing of all things which I hate and detest;

A coxcomb, a fop,

A dainty milk-fop;

Who, essenc'd and dizen'd from bottom to top,

Looks just like a doll for a milliner's shop.

A thing full of prate,

And pride and conceit;

All fashion, no weight;

Who shrugs and takes snuff,

And carries a muff:

A minikin,

Finiking,

French powder puff:

And now, sir, I fancy I've told you enough. [*Exit.*]

Jes. What's the matter with the Colonel, madam; does your ladyship know?

Lady M. Heigho! don't be surpris'd, my dear; it was the same thing with my late dear brother, lord Jesfamy; they never could agree: that good-natured, friendly soul, knowing the delicacy of my constitution, has often said, sister Mary, I pity you.

Jes. I think he ought to be proud of me: I believe there's many a duke, nay prince, who would esteem themselves happy in having such a son——

Lady M. Yes, my dear; but your sister was always your father's favourite: he intends to give her a prodigious fortune, and sets his heart upon seeing her a woman of quality.

Jes. He should wish to see her look a little like a gentlewoman first. When she was in London last winter, I am told she was taken notice of by a few men. But she wants air, manner——

Lady M. Well, my dear, I must go and dress myself, though I protest I am fitter for my bed than my coach.—

LIONEL AND CLARISSA:

And condescend to the colonel a little—Do, my dear, if it be only to oblige your mamma. [Exit.]

SCENE, a study in Sir John Flowerdale's house. *Clarissa enters, followed by Jenny.*

Clar. Immortal powers, protect me,
Assist, support, direct me;
Relieve a heart oppress'd:
Ah! who this palpitation!
Cease, busy perturbation,
And let me, let me rest.

Jen. My dear lady, what ails you?

Clar. Nothing, Jenny? nothing.

Jen. Pardon me, madam, there is something ails you, indeed. Lord! what signifies all the grandeur and riches in this world, if they can't procure one content. I am sure it vexes me to the heart, so it does, to see such a dear, sweet, worthy young lady, as you are, pining yourself to death.

Clar. Jenny, you are a good girl, and I am very much obliged to you for feeling so much on my account; but in a little time, I hope, I shall be easier.

Jen. Why now, here to day, madam—for certain, you ought to be merry to-day, when there's a fine gentleman coming to court you; but, if you like any one else better, I am sure, I wish you had him, with all my soul.

Clar. Suppose, Jenny, I was so unfortunate as to like a man without my father's approbation—would you wish me to marry him?

Jen. I wish you married to any one, madam, that could make you happy.

Clar. Heigho!

Jen. Madam! madam! yonder's Sir John and Mr. Lionel on the terrace. I believe they are coming up here. Poor, dear Mr. Lionel, he does not seem to be in over great spirits either. To be sure, madam, it's no business of mine; but, I believe, if the truth was known, there are those in the house who would give more than ever I shall be worth, or any the likes of me, to prevent the marriage of a certain person that shall be nameless.

Clar. What do you mean? I don't understand you.

Jen. I hope you are not angry, madam?

Clar. Ah! Jenny——

Jen. Lauk, madam! do you think when Mr. Lionel's a clergyman, he'll be obliged to cut off his hair? I'm sure

sure it will be a thousand pities, for it is the sweetest colour, and looks the nicest put up in a queue.

Clar. I'm going into my dressing-room—It seems then Mr. Lionel is a great favourite of yours; but pray, Jenny, have a care how you talk in this manner to any one else.

Jen. Me talk! madam—I thought you knew me better; and, my dear lady, keep up your spirits. I'm sure I have dressed you to-day as nicely as hands and pins can make you.

I'm but a poor servant, 'tis true, ma'am;

But was I a lady like you, ma'am,

In grief would I sit? The dickens a bit;

No, faith, I would search the world thro' ma'am,
To find what my liking could hit.

Set in case a young man,

In my fancy there ran,

It might anger my friends and relations;

But if I had regard,

It should go very hard,

Or I'd follow my own inclinations.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir John Flowerdale and Lionel.

Sir John. Indeed, Lionel, I will not hear of it. What! to run from us all of a sudden, this way; and at such a time, too; the eve of my daughter's wedding, as I may call it, when your company must be doubly agreeable, as well as necessary to us? I am sure you have no studies at present that requires your attendance at Oxford: I must, therefore insist on your putting such thoughts out of your head.

Lion. Upon my word, sir, I have been so long from the university, that it is time for me to think of returning. It is true, I have no absolute studies; but really, sir, I shall be obliged to you if you will give me leave to go.

Sir John. Come, come, my dear Lionel, I have for some time observed a more than ordinary gravity growing upon you, and I am not to learn the reason of it: I know, to minds serious and well inclined, like yours, the sacred functions you are about to embrace—

Lion. Dear sir, your goodness to me, of every kind, is so great, so unremitted!—Your condescension, your friendly attention—in short, sir, I want words to express my sense of obligations—

Sir John. Fie, fie, no more of them. I have no room to doubt, but this match will make Clarissa perfectly hap-

py: to be sure the alliance is the most eligible for both families.

Lion. If the gentleman is sensible of his happiness in the alliance, sir.

Sir John. The fondness of a father is always suspected of partiality; yet, I believe, I may venture to say, that few young women will be found more unexceptionable than my daughter: her person is agreeable, her temper sweet, her understanding good; and, with the obligations she has to your instructions——

Lion. You do my endeavours too much honour, sir; I have been able to add nothing to Miss Flowerdale's accomplishments, but a little knowledge in matters of small importance to a mind already so well improved.

Sir John. I don't think so; a little knowledge, even in those matters, is necessary for a woman, in whom I am far from considering ignorance as a desirable characteristic. When intelligence is not attended with impertinent affectation, it teaches them to judge with precision, and gives them a degree of solidity necessary for the companion of a sensible man.

Lion. Yonder's Mr. Jenkins: I fancy he's looking for you, sir.

Sir John. I see him; he's come back from Colonel Oldboy's; I have a few words to say to him, and will return to you again in a minute. [Exit.

Lion. To be a burthen to one's self, to wage continual war with one's own passions; forced to combat, unable to overcome! But see, she appears, whose presence turns all my sufferings into transport, and makes even misery itself delightful.

Enter Clarissa.

Perhaps, madam, you are not at leisure now; otherwise, if you thought proper, we would resume the subject we were upon yesterday.

Clar. I am sure, sir, I give you a great deal of trouble.

Lion. Madam, you give me no trouble; I should think every hour of my life happily employed in your service; and as this is probably the last time I shall have the satisfaction of attending you upon the same occasion——

Clar. Upon my word, Mr. Lionel, I think myself extremely obliged to you; and shall ever consider the enjoyment of your friendship——

Lion. My friendship, madam, can be of little moment to you; but if the most perfect adoration, if the warmest wishes

wishes for your felicity, though I should never be witness of it—if these, madam, can have any merit to continue in your remembrance, a man once honoured with a share of your esteem——

Clar. Hold, sir—I think I hear somebody.

Lion. If you please, madam, we will turn over this celestial globe once more—Have you looked at the book I left you yesterday?

Clar. Really, sir, I have been so much disturbed in my thoughts for these two or three days past, that I have not been able to look at any thing.

Lion. I am sorry to hear that, madam; I hope there was nothing particular to disturb you. The care Sir John takes to dispose of your hand in a manner suitable to your birth and fortune——

Clar. I don't know, sir—I own I am disturb'd; I own I am uneasy; there is something weighs upon my heart, which I would fain disclose.

Lion. Upon your heart, madam!—did you say your heart.

Clar. I did, sir—I——

Enter Fenny.

Fen. Madam! madam! Here's a coach and six driving up the avenue: it's Colonel Oldboy's family; and, I believe, the gentleman is in it that's coming to court you. Lord, I must run and have a peep at him out of the window. [Exit.

Lion. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Clar. Why so, sir?—Bless me, Mr. Lionel, what's the matter?—You turn pale.

Lion. Madam!

Clar. Pray speak to me, sir—You tremble—Tell me the cause of this sudden change.—How are you?—Where's your disorder?

Lion. Oh fortune! fortune!

You ask me in vain,
Of what ills I complain,
Where harbours the torment I find;
In my head, in my heart,
It invades every part,
And subdues both my body and mind.

Each effort I try,
Every med'cine apply,
The pangs of my soul to appease;
But, doom'd to endure,

What

What I mean for a cure,
Turns poison, and feeds the disease.

[*Exit.*

Enter Diana.

Dian. My dear Clarissa—I'm glad I have found you alone.—For Heaven's sake, don't let any one break in upon us—and give me leave to sit down with you a little—I am in such a tremor, such a panic—

Clar. Mercy on us, what has happened?

Dian. You may remember, I told you, that when I was last winter in London, I was followed by an odious fellow, one Harman : I can't say but the wretch pleased me, though he is but a younger brother, and not worth sixpence ; and—in short, when I was leaving town, I promised to correspond with him.

Clar. Do you think that was prudent?

Dian. Madness ! But this is not the worst—for, what do you think ?—the creature had the assurance to write to me about three weeks ago, desiring permission to come down and spend the summer at my father's.

Clar. At your father's !

Dian. Ay, who never saw him, knows nothing of him, and would as soon consent to my marrying a horse-jockey. He told me a long story of some tale he intended to invent, to make my father receive him as an indifferent person ; and some gentlemen in London, he said, would procure him a letter that should give it a face ; and he longed to see me so, he said, he could not live without it ; and if he could be permitted but to spend a week with me——

Clar. Well, and what answer did you make ?

Dian. Oh ! abused him, and refused to listen to any such thing—But—I vow, I tremble while I tell it you—Just before we left our house, the impudent monster arrived there, attended by a couple of servants, and is now actually coming here with my father.

Clar. Upon my word, this is a dreadful thing.

Dian. Dreadful, my dear !—I happened to be at the window as he came into the court, and I declare I had like to have fainted away.

Clar. Is'nt my lady below ?

Dian. Yes, and I must run down to her. You'll have my brother here presently too ; he would fain have come in the coach with my mother and me, but my father insisted on his walking with him over the fields.

Clar. Well, Diana, with regard to your affair—I think
you

you must find some method of immediately informing this gentleman, that you consider the outrage he has committed against you in the most heinous light, and insist upon his going away directly.

Dian. Why, I believe that will be the best way—but then he'll be begging my pardon, and asking to stay.

Clar. Why, then, you must tell him positively, you won't consent to it; and if he persists in so extravagant a design, tell him you'll never see him again as long as you live.

Dian. Must I tell him so?

Ah! pr'ythee, spare me, dearest creature!

How can you prompt me to so much ill-nature?

Kneeling before me,

Should I hear him implore me;

Could I accuse him,

Could I refuse him

The boon he should ask?

Set not a lover the cruel task.

No, believe me, my dear,

Was he now standing here,

In spite of my frights and alarms,

I might rate him, might scold him—

But should still strive to hold him—

And sink at last into his arms.

[*Exit.*

Clar. How easy to direct the conduct of others, how hard to regulate our own! I can give my friend advice, while I am conscious of the same indiscretion in myself. Yet is it criminal to know the most worthy, most amiable man in the world, and not to be insensible to his merit? But my father, the kindest, best of fathers, will he approve the choice I have made? Nay, has he not made another choice for me? And, after all, how can I be sure that the man I love, loves me again? He never told me so; but his looks, his actions, his present anxiety, sufficiently declare, what his delicacy, his generosity, will not suffer him to utter

Hope and fear, alternate rising,

Strive for empire o'er my heart;

Every peril now despising,

Now at ev'ry breath I start.

Teach ye learned sages, teach me,

How to stem this beating tide;

If you've any rules to teach me,

Haste, and be the weak one's guide.

Thus

Thus, our trials at a distance,
 Wisdom, science, promise aid ;
 But, in need of their assistance,
 We attempt to grasp a shade.

[Exit.]

SCENE, *a side view of Sir John Flowerdale's.*

Harman enters, with Colonel Oldboy.

Col. Well, and how does my old friend, Dick Rantum, do ? I have not seen him these twelve years : he was an honest worthy fellow, as ever breathed ; I remember he kept a girl in London, and was cursedly plagued by his wife's relations.

Har. Sir Richard was always a man of spirit, Colonel.

Col. But as to this business of yours, which he tells me of in his letter—I don't see much in it—An affair with a citizen's daughter—pinked her brother in a duel—Is the fellow likely to die ?

Har. Why, sir, we hope not ; but as the matter is dubious, and will probably make some noise, I thought it was better to be for a little time out of the way ; when hearing my case, Sir Richard Rantum mentioned you ; he said, he was sure he would permit me to remain at your house for a few days, and offered me a recommendation.

Col. And there's likely to be a brat in the case—And the girl's friends are in business—I'll tell you what will be the consequence then—They will be for going to law with you for a maintenance—but, no matter ; I'll take the affair in hand for you—make me your solicitor ; and if you are obliged to pay for a single spoonful of pap, I'll be content to father all the children in the Foundling Hospital.

Har. You are very kind, sir.

Col. But hold—hark you—you say there's money to be had—suppose you were to marry the wench ?

Har. Do you think, sir, that would be so right, after what has happened ? Besides, there's a stronger objection—To tell you the truth, I am honourably in love in another place.

Col. Oh ! you are ?

Har. Yes, sir, but there are obstacles—A father—In short, sir, the mistress of my heart lives in this very county, which makes even my present situation a little irksome.

Col. In this country ! Zounds ! Then I am sure I am acquainted with her ; and the first letter of her name is—

Har.

Har. Excuse me, sir, I have some particular reasons—

Col. But, look—who comes yonder?—Ha! ha! ha! My son, picking his steps like a dancing-master. Pr'ythee, Harman, go into the house, and let my wife and daughter know we are come, while I go and have some sport with him: they will introduce you to Sir John Flowerdale.

Har. Then, sir, I'll take the liberty—

Enter Jessamy, and several servants.

Col. Why, zounds! one would think you had never put your feet to the ground before; you make as much work about walking a quarter of a mile, as if you had gone a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

Jesf. Colonel, you have used me extremely ill, to drag me through the dirty roads in this manner; you told me the way was all over a bowling-green; only see what a condition I am in!

Col. Why, how did I know the roads were dirty? is that my fault? Besides, we mistook the way. Zounds, man, your legs will never be the worse when they are brushed a little.

Jesf. Antoine! have you sent La Roque for the shoes and stockings? Give me the glass out of your pocket—not a dust of powder left in my hair, and the frisure as flat as the fore-top of an attorney's clerk—Get your comb and pomatum; you must borrow some powder; I suppose there's such a thing as a dressing-room in the house?

Col. Ay, and a cellar too, I hope; for I want a glass of wine cursedly—but, hold! hold! Frank, where are you going? Stay, and pay your devoirs here, if you please; I see there's somebody coming out to welcome us.

Enter Lionel, Diana, and Clarissa.

Lion. Colonel, your most obedient; Sir John is walking with my lady in the garden, and has commissioned me to receive you.

Col. Mr. Lionel, I am heartily glad to see you—come here, Frank—this is my son, sir.

Lion. Sir, I am exceeding proud to—

Jesf. Can't you get the powder then?

Col. Miss Clary, my little Miss Clary—give me a kiss, my dear—as handsome as an angel, by Heavens—Frank, why don't you come here? This is Miss Flowerdale.

Dian. Oh, Heavens, Clarissa! Just as I said, that impudent devil is come here with my father.

[*Aside.*

Jesf.

Jes. Hadn't we better go into the house ?
To be made in such a pickle !
Will you please to lead the way, sir ?

Col. - No, but if you please, you may, sir,
For precedence none will flickle.

Dian. - Brother, no politeness ? Bless me !
Will you not your hand bestow ?
Lead the lady.

Clar. - ———— Don't distress me ;
Dear Diana, let him go.

Jes. - Ma'am, permit me.

Col. - ———— Smoke the beau.

A. 2. - Cruel must I, can I bear——
Oh, adverse stars !

Oh, fate severe !

Beset, tormented,
Each hope prevented.

Col. - None but the brave deserve the fair ;

Come, ma'am, let me lead you :
Now, sir, I precede you.

A. 5. - Lovers must ill usage bear.
Oh, adverse stars ! Oh ! fate severe !

None but the brave deserve the fair. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE, a hall in Sir John Flowerdale's house.
Lionel enters, followed by Jenny.

Jen. **W**ELL, but, Mr. Lionel, consider—pray consider now ; how can you be so prodigious indiscreet as you are, walking about the hall here, while the gentlefolks are within the parlour ! Don't you think they'll wonder at your getting up so soon after dinner, and before any of the rest of the company ?

Lion. For Heaven's sake, Jenny, don't speak to me : I neither know where I am, nor what I am doing ; I am the most wretched and miserable of mankind.

Jen. Poor dear soul, I pity you. Yes, yes, I believe you are miserable enough indeed ; and, I assure you, I have pitied you a great while, and spoke many words in your favour, when you little thought you had such a friend in a corner.

Lion. But, good Jenny, since, by some accident or other, you have been able to discover what I would willingly hide from all the world, I conjure you, as you regard my interest, as you value your Lady's peace and honour,

nour, never let the most distant hint of it escape you ; for it is a secret of that importance—

Jen. And, perhaps, you think I can't keep a secret. Ah ! Mr. Lionel, it must be hear, see, and say nothing in this world, or one has no business to live in't : Besides, who would not be in love with my Lady ? There's never a man this day alive, but might be proud of it ; for she is the handsomest, sweetest temper'dest !—And I am sure, one of the best mistresses ever poor girl had.

Lion. Oh, Jenny ! She's an angel.

Jen. And so she is indeed. Do you know that she gave me her blue and silver sacque to-day, and it is every crum as good as new ; and, go things as they will, don't you be fretting and vexing yourself ; for I am mortally certain, she would liever see a toad than this Jessamy. Though, I must say, to my thinking, he's a very likely man ; and a finer pair of eye-brows, and a more delicate nose, I never saw on a face.

Loin. By Heavens, I shall run mad.

Jen. And why so ? It is not a beauty that always takes the fancy : moreover, to let you know, if it was, I don't think him any more to compare to you, than a thistle is to a carnation ; and so's a sign ; for, mark my words, my Lady loves you as much as she hates him.

Lion. What you tell me, Jenny, is a thing I neither merit nor expect : No, I am unhappy, and let me continue so—My most presumptuous thoughts shall never carry me to a wish that may effect her quiet, or give her cause to repent.

Jen. That's very honourable of you, I must needs say ! but, for all that, liking's liking, and one can't help it : and if it should be my Lady's case, it is no fault of yours. I am sure, when you call'd me into her dressing-room, before she went down to dinner, there she stood, with her eyes brim full of tears ; and so I fell a-crying, for company—and then she said she could not abide the chap in the parlour ; and, at the same time, she bid me take an opportunity to speak to you, and desire you to meet her in the garden this evening, after tea ; for she has something to say to you.

Lion. Jenny, I see you are my friend ; for which I thank you, though I know it is impossible to do me any service ; take this ring, and wear it for my sake.

Jen. I am very much obliged to your Honour ; I am your friend, indeed—but, I say, you won't forget to be

in the garden now?—and, in the mean time, keep as little in the house as you can, for walls have eyes and ears; and I can tell you, the servants take notice of your uneasiness, though I am always desiring them to mind their own business.

Lion. Pray; have a care, Jenny; have a care, my dear girl—a word may breed suspicion.

Jen. Psha! have a care yourself; it is you that breeds suspicion, sighing and pining about; you look, for all the world, like a ghost; and if you don't pluck up your spirits, you will be a ghost soon—letting things get the better of you. Though to be sure, when I think with myself, being cross in love is a terrible thing—There was a young man in the town where I was born, made away with himself upon the account of it.

Li n. Things shan't get the better of me, Jenny.

Jen. No more they don't ought. And, once again, I say, Fortune is thrown in your dish, and you are not to fling it out; my Lady's estate will be better than three bishopricks, if Sir John cou'd give them to you. Think of that, Mr. Lionel, think of that.

Lion. Think of what?

Oh, talk not to me of the wealth she possesses,
My hopes and my views to herself I confine;
The splendour of riches but slightly impresses
A heart that is fraught with a passion like mine,
By love, only love, should our souls be cemented;
No int'rest, no motive, but that I would own;
With her, in a cottage, be blest and contented,
And wretched without her, tho' plac'd on a throne.

Enter Colonel Oldboy.

[*Exit.*

Col. Very well, my Lady, I'll come again to you presently, I am only going into the garden for a mouthful of air. Aha! my little Abigail! Here, Molly, Jenny, Betty! What's your name? Why don't you answer me huffey, when I call you?

Jen. If you want any thing, sir, I'll call one of the footmen.

Col. The footmen! the footmen! Damn me, I never knew one of them in my life, that wou'dn't prefer a rascal to a gentleman—Come here, you slut, put your hands about my neck and kiss me.

Jen. Who I, sir!

Col. Ay, here's money for you: what the devil are you afraid of? I'll take you into keeping; you shall go and live at one of my tenant's houses.

Jen.

Jen. I wonder you are n t ashamed, fir, to make an honest girl any such proposal: you that have a worthy gentlewoman, nay, a lady of your own.—To be sure, she's a little stricken in years; but why shou'dn't she grow elderly as well as yourself?

Col. Burn a lady, I love a pretty girl——

Jen. Well, then, you may go look for one, fir; I have no pretensions to the title.

Col. Why, you pert baggage, you don't know me.

Jen. What do you pinch my fingers for? Yes, yes, I know you well enough, and your character's well known all over the country, running after poor young creatures as you do, to ruin them.

Col. What, then people say——

Jen. Indeed, they talk very bad of you; and whatever you may think, fir, though I'm in a menial station, I'm come of people that wou'dn't see me put upon——there are those that would take my part against the proudest he in the land, that should offer any thing uncivil.

Col. Well, come, let me know now, how does your young Lady like my son?

Jen. You want to pump me, do you? I suppose you would known whether I can keep my tongue within my teeth?

Col. She doesn't like him then?

Jen. I don't say so, fir—Isn't this a shame now?——I suppose to-morrow or next day it will be reported that Jenny has been talking—Jenny said that and t'other——But here, fir, I ax you, Did I tell you any such thing?

Col. Why, yes, you did.

Jen. I!—Lord bless me, how can you——

Col. Ad, I'll mouzle you.

Jen. Ah! ah!

Col. What do you bawl for?

Jen. Ah! ah! ah!

Indeed, forsooth, a pretty youth,
To play the amorous fool;
At such an age, methink your rage
Might be a little cool.

Fie, let me go, fir.

Kiss me!—No, no, fir.

Your pull me and shake me;

For what do you take me,

This figure to make me?

LIONEL AND CLARISSA :

I'd have you to know,
 I'm not for your game, sir ;
 Nor will I be tame, sir.
 Lord, have you no shame, sir,
 To tumble one so ?

[Exit.

Enter Lady Mary, Diana, and Harman.

Lady. M. Mr. Oldboy, won't you give me your hand to lead me up stairs, my dear ? — Sir, I am prodigiously obliged to you ; I protest I have not been so well, I don't know when : I have had no return of my bilious complaint after dinner to-day ; and eat so voraciously ! Did you observe, Miss. — Doctor Arsenic will be quite astonished when he hears it ; surely his new-invented medicine has done me a prodigious deal of service.

Col. Ah ! you'll always be taking one stop or other till you poison yourself. — Give me a pinch of your Ladyship's snuff.

Lady. M. This is a mighty pretty sort of man, Colonel, who is he ?

Col. A young fellow, my Lady, recommended to me :

Lady. M. I protest he has the sweetest taste for poetry ! — He has repeated to me two or three of his own things ; and I have been telling him of the poem my late brother, Lord Jessamy, made on the mouse that was drowned.

Col. Ay, a fine subject for a poem ; a mouse that was drowned in a —

Lady. M. Hush, my dear Colonel, don't mention it — to be sure, the circumstance was vastly indelicate ; but for the number of lines, the poem was as charming a morsel — Pray, sir, was there any news when you left London — any thing about the East Indies, the ministry, or politics of any kind ? I am strangely fond of politics ; but I hear nothing since my Lord Jessamy's death — He used to write to me all the affairs of the nation, for he was a very great politician himself. I have a manuscript speech of his in my cabinet — he never spoke it, but it is as fine a thing as ever came from man.

Col. What is that crawling on your Ladyship's petticoat ?

Lady. M. Where ! Where !

Col. Zounds ! a spider, with legs as long as my arm.

Lady. M. Oh, Heavens ! Ah, don't let me look at it ; I shall faint, I shall faint ! A spider ! a spider ! a spider !

[Runs off.

Col.

Col. Hold ; zounds, let her go ; I knew the spider would set her a galloping, with her damned fufs about her brother my Lord Jessamy.—Harman, come here.—How do you like my daughter ? Is the girl you are in love with as handsome as this ?

Har. In my opinion, sir.

Col. What as handsome as Dy !—I'll lay you twenty pounds she has not such a pair of eyes.—He tells me he's in love, Dy ; raging mad for love, and by his talk, I begin to believe him.

Dian. Now, for my part, papa, I doubt it very much ; though, by what I heard the gentleman say just now within, I find he imagines the lady has a violent partiality for him ; and yet he may be mistaken there too.

Col. For shame, Dy, what the mischief do you mean ? How can you talk so tartly to a poor young fellow under misfortunes ? Give him your hand, and ask his pardon.—Don't mind her, Harman—For all this, she is as good-natured a little devil as ever was born.

Har. You may remember, sir, I told you before dinner, that I had for some time carried on a private correspondence with my lovely girl ; and that her father, whose consent we despair of obtaining, is the great obstacle to our happiness.

Col. Why don't you carry her off in spite of him, then ?—I ran away with my wife—ask my Lady Mary—she'll tell you the thing herself.—Her old conceited lord of a father thought I was not good enough ; but I mounted a garden wall, notwithstanding their chevaux-de-frize of broken glass bottles, took her out of a three pair of stairs window, and brought her down a ladder in my arms. By the way, she would have squeezed through a cat-hole to get at me—And I would have taken her out of the Tower of London, damme, if it had been surrounded with three regiments of guards.

Dian. But surely, papa, you would not persuade the gentleman to such a proceeding as this is ; consider the noise it will make in the country ; and if you are known to be the adviser and abettor—

Col. Why, what do I care ? I say, if he takes my advice he'll run away with her, and I'll give him all the assistance I can.

Har. I am sure, sir, you are very kind ; and, to tell you the truth, I have more than once had the very scheme

in my head, if I thought it was feasible, and knew how to go about it.

Col. Feasible, and knew how to go about it! The thing's feasible enough, if the girl's willing to go off with you, and you have spirits sufficient to undertake it.

Har. O, as for that, sir, I can answer.

Dian. What, sir, that the lady will be willing to go off with you?

Har. No, ma'am, that I have spirit enough to take her, if she is willing to go; and thus far I dare venture to promise, that between this and to-morrow morning, I will find out whether she is or not.

Col. So he may; she lives but in this county; and tell her, Harman, you have met with a friend who is inclined to serve you. You shall have my post-chaise at a minute's warning; and if a hundred pieces will be of any use to you, you may command 'em.

Har. And you are really serious, sir?

Col. Serious; damme, if I an't. I have put twenty young fellows in the way of getting girls that they never would have thought of—And bring her to my house; whenever you come, you shall have a supper and a bed; but you must marry her first, because my Lady will be squeamish.

Dian. Well, but, my dear papa, upon my word, you have a great deal to answer for.—Suppose it was your own case to have a daughter in such circumstances, would you be obliged to any one—

Col. Hold your tongue, hussy, who bid you put in your oar? However, Harman, I don't want to set you upon any thing; 'tis no affair of mine, to be sure; I only give you advice, and tell you how I would act if I was in your place.

Har. I assure you, sir, I am quite charmed with the advice; and since you are ready to stand my friend, I am determined to follow it.

Col. You are?—

Har. Positively.

Col. Say no more then: here's my hand—You understand me—No occasion to talk any further of it at present—When we are alone—Dy, take Mr. Harman into the drawing-room, and give him some tea.—I say, Harman, mum. —

SCENE, *Clarissa's dressing-room. Diana enters before Jessamy.*

Dian. Come, brother, I undertake to be mistress of the ceremony upon this occasion, and introduce you to your first audience.—Miss Flowerdale is not here, I perceive; but no matter.—

Jes. Upon my word, a pretty elegant dressing-room this: but, confound our builders, or architects, as they call themselves, they are all errant stone-masons; not one of them know the situation of doors, windows, or chimnies; which are as essential to a room as eyes, nose, and mouth, to a countenance. Now, if the eyes are where the mouth should be, and the nose out of proportion and its place, *quelle horrible physionomie.*

Dian. My dear brother, you are not come here as a virtuoso, to admire the temple; but as a votary, to address the deity to whom it belongs. Shew, I beseech you, a little more devotion, and tell me, how do you like Miss Flowerdale?—don't you think her very handsome?

Jes. Pale—but that I am determined she shall remedy; for, as soon as we are married, I will make her put on rouge.—Let me see—has she got any in her boxes here; *Véritable toilette à l'Angloise.* Nothing but a paper of patches, and a little blue-armoniac, by way of tooth-powder.

Dian. Brother, I would fain give you some advice upon this occasion, which may be of service to you—You are now going to entertain a young lady—Let me prevail upon you to lay aside those airs, on account of which some people are impertinent enough to call you a coxcomb; for, I am afraid, she may be apt to think you a coxcomb too, as, I assure you, she is very capable of distinguishing.

Jes. So much the worse for me.—If she is capable of distinguishing, I shall meet with a terrible repulse.—I don't believe she'll have me.

Dian. I don't believe she will, indeed.

Jes. Go on, sister—ha, ha, ha.

Dian. I protest, I am serious—Though, I perceive, you have more faith in the counsellor before you there, the looking-glass. But give me leave to tell you, it is not a powdered head, a laced coat, a grimace, a shrug, a bow, or a few pert phrases, learnt by rote, that constitute the power of pleasing all women.

Jes.

Jes. You had better return to the gentleman, and give him his tea, my dear.

Dian. These qualifications we find in our parrots and monkies. I would undertake to teach Poll in three weeks the fashionable jargon of half the fine men about town; and, I am sure, it must be allowed, that pug, in a scarlet coat, is a gentleman as *degagé* and alluring as most of them.

Ladies, pray admire a figure,
 Faite selon la derniere gout.
 First, his hat, in size no bigger
 Than a Chinese woman's shoe;
 Six yards of ribbon bind
 His hair en baton behind;
 While his foretop's so high,
 That in crown he may vie,
 With the tufted cuckatoo.

Then his waist so long and taper,
 'Tis an absolute thread paper:
 Maids resist him, you that can;
 Odd's life, if this is all th' affair,
 I'll clap a hat on, club my hair,
 And call myself a man.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Clarissa.

Cl. Sir, I took the liberty to desire a few moments private conversation with you—I hope you will excuse it—I am really greatly embarrassed. But, in an affair of such immediate consequence to us both—

Jes. My dear creature, don't be embarrassed before me; I should be extremely sorry to strike you with any awe; but this is a species of *mauvaise honte*, which the company I shall introduce you to, will soon cure you of.

Clar. Upon my word, sir, I don't understand you.

Jes. Perhaps you may be under some uneasiness, lest I should not be quite so warm in the prosecution of this affair as you could wish: it is true, with regard to quality, I might do better; and with regard to fortune, full as well—But, you please me—Upon my soul, I have not met with any thing more agreeable to me a great while.

Clar. Pray, sir, keep your seat.

Jes. *Mauvaise honte*, again. My dear, there is nothing in these little familiarities between you and me—When we are married, I shall do every thing to render your life happy.

Clar.

Clar. Ah! sir, pardon me. The happiness of my life depends upon a circumstance——

Jes. Oh! I understand you——You have been told, suppose, of the Italian opera girl——Rat peoples tongues——However, 'tis true I had an affair with her at Naples, and she is now here. But, be satisfied; I'll give her a thousand pounds, and set her about her business.

Clar. Me, sir! I protest nobody told me——Lord! I never heard any such thing, or enquired about it.

Jes. Nor have they been chattering to you of my affair at Pisa, with the Principessa del——

Clar. No, indeed, sir.

Jes. Well, I was afraid they might; because, in this rude country——But, why silent on a sudden?——don't be afraid to speak.

Clar. No, sir,——I will come to the subject, on which I took the liberty to trouble you——Indeed, I have great reliance on your generosity.

Jes. You'll find me generous as a prince, depend on't.

Clar. I am blest, sir, with one of the best of fathers: I never yet disobeyed him: in which I have had little merit; for his commands hitherto have only been to secure my own felicity.

Jes. Apres ma chere.

Clar. But now, sir, I am under the shocking necessity of disobeying him, or being wretched for ever.

Jes. Hem!

Clar. Our union is impossible——therefore, sir, since I cannot be your wife, let me entreat you to make you my friend. [Exit.

Jes. Who's there?

Enter Jenkins.

Jen. Do you call, sir?

Jes. Hark you, old gentleman; who are you?

Jen. Sir, my name is Jenkins.

Jes. Oh! you are Sir John Flowerdale's steward; a servant he puts confidence in.

Jen. Sir, I have served Sir John Flowerdale many years: he is the best of masters; and, I believe, he has some dependance on my attachment and fidelity.

Jes. Then, Mr. Jenkins, I shall condescend to speak to you. Does your master know who I am! Does he know, sir, that I am likely to be a peer of Great Britain? That I have ten thousand pounds a year? That I have passed through all Europe with distinguished eclat? That I refused the daughter of Mynheer Van Slokenfolk, the great

great Dutch burgomaster? And that, if I had not had the misfortune of being bred a Protestant, I might have married the niece of his present holiness the Pope, with a fortune of two hundred thousand piasters?

Jen. I am sure, sir, my master has all the respect imaginable——

Jes. Then sir, how comes he, after my shewing an inclination to be allied to his family—how comes he, I say, to bring me to his house to be affronted? I have let his daughter go; but, I think, I was in the wrong; for a woman that insults me, is no more safe than a man. I have brought a lady to reason before now, for giving me saucy language; and left her male friends to revenge it.

Jen. Pray, good sir, what's the matter?

Jes. Why, sir, this is the matter, sir—your master's daughter, sir, has behaved to me with damn'd insolence, and impertinence; and you may tell Sir John Flowerdale, first, with regard to her, that I think she is a silly, ignorant, aukward, ill-bred country pufs.

Jen. Oh! sir, for Heaven's sake——

Jes. And that, with regard to himself, he is, in my opinion, an old doating, ridiculous country squire; without the knowledge either of men or things; and that he is below my notice, if it were not to despise him.

Jen. Good Lord! good Lord!

Jes. And advise him and his daughter to keep out of my way; for, by gad, I will affront them in the first place I meet them——And if your master is for carrying things further, tell him I fence better than any man in Europe.

In Italy, Germany, France, have I been,
Where princes I've liv'd with, where monarchs I've seen;

The great have caress'd me,

The fair have address'd me,

Nay, smiles I have had from a queen.

And now, shall a pert,

Insignificant flirt,

With insolence use me,

Presume to refuse me!

She fancies my pride will be hurt.

But tout au contraire,

I'm pleas'd, I declare,

Quite happy to think I escape from the snare:

Serviteur, mam'selle; my claim I withdraw.

Hey! where are my people? Fal, lal, lal, la! [Exit.

J n. I must go and inform Sir John of what has happened; but I will not tell him of the outrageous behaviour of this young spark; for he is a man of spirit and would resent it. Egad, my own fingers itched to be at him, once or twice; and, as stout as he is, I fancy these old fists would give him a belly full. He complains of Miss Clarissa; but she is incapable of treating him in the manner he says. Perhaps, she may have behaved with some coldness towards him; and yet, that is a mystery to me too——

We all say the man was exceedingly knowing,
And knowing most surely was he,
Who found out the cause of the ebbing and flowing,
The flux and reflux of the sea.

Nor was he in knowledge far from it,
Who first mark'd the course of a comet;
To what it was owing,
Its coming and going,
Its wanderings hither and thither:
But the man that divines
A lady's designs,
Their cause, or effect,
In any respect,
Is wiser than both put together.

SCENE, *Sir John Flowerdale's garden.*—*Lionel enters, leading Clarissa.*

Lion. Hilt—methought I heard a noise—should we be surprized together, at a juncture so critical, what might be the consequence!—I know not how it is; but at this, the happiest moment of my life, I feel a damp, a tremor, at my heart——

Clar. Then, what should I do? If you tremble, I ought to be terrified indeed, who have discovered sentiments, which perhaps I should have hid, with a frankness that, by a man less generous, less noble minded than yourself, might be construed to my disadvantage.

Lion. Oh! wound me not with so cruel an expression—You love me, and have condescended to confess it—You have seen my torments, and been kind enough to pity them—The world, indeed, may blame you——

Clar. And yet, was it proclaimed to the world, what could the most malicious suggest? They could but say, that truth and sincerity got the better of forms; that the tongue dared to speak the honest sensations of the mind;

that, while you aimed at improving my understanding, you engaged and conquered my heart.

Lion. And is it—is it possible!

Clar. Be calm, and listen to me—What I have done has not been lightly imagined, nor rashly undertaken: it is the work of reflection, of conviction; my love is not a sacrifice to my own fancy, but a tribute to your worth; did I think there was a more deserving man in the world—

Lion. If, to doat on you more than life, be to deserve you, so far I have merit; if, to have no wish, no hope, no thought, but you, can entitle me to the envied distinction of a moment's regard, so far I dare pretend.

Clar. That I have this day refused a man, with whom I could not be happy, I make no merit; born for quiet and simplicity, the crowds of the world, the noise attending pomp and distinction, have no charms for me: I wish to pass my life in rational tranquillity, with a friend, whose virtues I can respect, whose talents I can admire; who will make my esteem the basis of my affection.

Lion. O charming creature! yes, let me indulge the flattering idea; formed with the same sentiments, the same feelings, the same tender passion for each other; Nature designed us to compose that sacred union, which nothing but death can annul.

Clar. One only thing remember.—Secure in each other's affections, here we must rest; I would not give my father a moment's pain, to purchase the empire of the world.

Lion. Command, dispose of me as you please; angels take cognizance of the vows of innocence and virtue; and, I will believe that ours are already registered in Heaven.

Clar. I will believe so too.

Go, and on my truth relying,
Comfort to your cares applying,
Bid each doubt and sorrow fly,
Leave to peace and love your breast.

Go, and may the pow'rs that hear us,
Still, as kind protectors near us,
Thro' our troubles safely steer us
To a port of joy and rest.

Enter Sir John Flowerdale.

Sir John. Who's there?—*Lionel!*

Lion. Heavens! 'tis Sir John Flowerdale.

[*Exit.*

Sir

Sir John. Who's there?

Lion. 'Tis I, sir; I am here—Lionel.

Sir John. My dear lad, I have been searching for you this half hour, and was at last told you had come into the garden. I have a piece of news, which, I dare swear, will shock and surprize you—My daughter has refused Colonel Oldboy's son, who is this minute departed the house in violent resentment of her ill treatment.

Lion. Is he gone, sir?

Sir John. Yes, and the family are preparing to follow him. Oh, Lionel! Clarissa has deceived me—in this affair she has suffered me to deceive myself. The measures which I have been so long preparing, are broken in a moment; by hopes frustrated; and both parties, in the eye of the world, rendered light and ridiculous.

Lion. I am sorry to see you so much moved; pray, sir, recover yourself.

Sir John. I am sorry, Lionel, she has profited no better by your lessons of philosophy, than to impose upon and distress so kind a father.

Lion. Have juster thoughts of her, sir: she has not imposed on you; she is incapable—Have but a little patience, and things may yet be brought about.

Sir John. No Lionel, no; the matter is past, and there's an end to it; yet I would conjecture to what such an unexpected turn in her conduct can be owing; I would fain be satisfied of the motive that could urge her to so extraordinary a proceeding, without the least intimation, the least warning to me, or any of her friends.

Lion. Perhaps, sir, the gentleman may have been too impetuous, and offended Miss Flowerdale's delicacy—certainly nothing else could occasion—

Sir John. Heaven only knows—I think, indeed, there can be no settled aversion; and surely her affections are not engaged elsewhere?

Lion. Engaged, sir—No, sir.

Sir John. I think not, Lionel.

Lion. You may be positive, sir—I'm sure—

Sir John. O worthy young man, whose integrity, openness, and every good quality, has rendered dear to me as my own child; I see this affair troubles you as much as it does me.

Lion. It troubles me, indeed, sir.

Sir John. However, my particular disappointment ought not to be detrimental to you, nor shall it; I well

knew how irksome it is to a generous mind to live in a state of dependence, and have long had it in my thoughts to make you easy for life.

Lion. Sir John, the situation of my mind is at present a little disturbed—spare me—I beseech you, spare me—why will you persist in a goodness that makes me ashamed of myself?

Sir John. There is an estate in this county which I purchased some years ago; by me it will never be missed, and whoever marries my daughter will have little reason to complain of my disposing of such a trifle for my own gratification. On the present marriage I intended to perfect a deed of gift in your favour, which has been for some time prepared; my lawyer has this day completed it, and it is yours, my dear Lionel, with every good wish that the warmest friend can bestow.

Lion. Sir, if you presented a pistol with design to shoot me, I would submit to it; but you must excuse me, I cannot lay myself under more obligations.

Sir John. Your delicacy carries you too far; in this I confer a favour on myself: however, we'll talk no more on the subject at present; let us walk towards the house, our friends will depart else without my bidding them adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Dianna and Clarissa.

Dian. So then, my dear Clarissa, you really give credit to the ravings of the French wretch, with regard to a plurality of worlds?

Clar. I don't make it an absolute article of belief; but I think it an ingenious conjecture, with great probability on its side.

Dian. And we are a moon to the moon! Nay, child, I know something of astronomy, but that—that little shining thing there, which seems not much larger than a silver plate, should, perhaps, contain great cities like London; and who can tell but they may have kings there, and parliaments, and plays and operas, and people of fashion! Lord, the people of fashion in the moon must be strange creatures.

Clar. Methinks, Venus shines very bright in yonder corner.

Dian. Venus! O pray, let me look at Venus—I suppose, if there are any inhabitants there, they must be all lovers.

Enter

Enter Lionel.

Lion. Was ever such a wretch!—I can't stay a moment in a place—where is my repose?—fled with my virtue. Was I then born for falsehood and dissimulation? I was, I was, and I live to be conscious of it; to impose upon my friend; to betray my benefactor, and lie to hide my ingratitude—a monster in a moment—No, I may be the most unfortunate of men, but I will not be the most odious; while my heart is yet capable of dictating what is honest, I will obey its voice. [*Exit.*]

Enter Colonel Oldboy, and Harman.

Col. Dy, where are you? What the mischief, is this a time to be walking in the garden? The coach has been ready this half hour, and your mamma is waiting for you.

Dian. I am learning astronomy, sir; do you know, papa, that the moon is inhabited?

Col. Hussy; you are half a lunatic yourself; come here; things have just gone as I imagined they would—the girl has refused your brother; I knew he must disgust her.

Dian. Women will want taste now and then, sir.

Col. But I must talk to the young lady a little.

Har. Well, I have had a long conference with your father about the elopement, and he continues firm in his opinion that I ought to attempt it: in short, all the necessary operations are settled between us, and I am to leave his house to-morrow morning, if I can but persuade the young lady—

Dian. Ay, but I hope the young lady will have more sense—Lord, how can you tease me with your nonsense? Come, sir, isn't it time for us to go in? Her ladyship will be impatient.

Col. Friend Lionel, good night to you; Miss Clarissa, my dear, though I am father to the puppy who has displeased you, give me a kiss; you served him right, and I thank you for it.

Col. O what a night is here for love!
Cynthia brightly shining above;
Among the trees,
To the sighing breeze,
Fountains tinkling,
Stars a twinkling:

Dian. O what a night is here for love!
So may the morn propitious prove;

Har. And so it will, if right I guess;

For sometimes light,
As well as night,
A lover's hopes may bless.

A. 2 Farewel, my friend,
May gentle rest
Calm each tumult in your breast;
Every pain and fear remove.

Lion. What have I done?
Where shall I run,
With grief and shame at once oppress?
How my own upbraiding shun,
Or meet my friend distress?

A. 3. Hark to Philomel, how sweet
From yonder elm.

Col. Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet.

A. 5. O what a night is here for love!
But vainly nature strives to move.
Nor nightingales among the trees,
Nor twinkling stars, nor sighing breeze,
Nor murmuring streams,
Nor Phœbe's beams,
Can charm, unless the heart's at ease. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE, *Oldboys's house.* *Harman enters,*
with his hat, boots, and whip, followed by Diana.

Dian. P'R'THEE, hear me.

Har. My dear, what would you say?

Dian. I am afraid of the step we are going to take; indeed, I am—'Tis true my father is the contriver of it; but, really, on consideration, I think I should appear less culpable if he was not so; I am at once criminal myself, and rendering him ridiculous.

Har. Do you love me?

Dian. Suppose I do, you give me a very ill proof of your love for me, when you would take advantage of my tenderness, to blind my reason. How can you have so little regard for my honour, as to sacrifice it to a vain triumph? For it is in that light I see the rash action you are forcing me to commit; nay, methinks my consenting to it should injure me in your own esteem. When a woman forgets what she owes herself, a lover should set little value upon any thing she gives to him.

Har. Can you suppose then, can you imagine, that my passion will ever make me forget the veneration—

And.

And, an elopement is nothing, when it is on the road to matrimony.

Dian. At best, I shall incur the censure of disobedience and indiscretion; and, is it nothing to a young woman what the word says of her? Ah! my good friend, be assured, such a disregard of the world is the first step towards deserving its reproaches.

Har. But the necessity we are under—Mankind has too much good sense, too much good nature—

Dian. Every one has good sense enough to see other people's faults, and good nature enough to overlook their own. Besides, the most sacred things may be made an ill use of; and even marriage itself, if indecently and improperly—

Har. Come, get yourself ready: where is your band-box, hat, and cloak? Slip into the garden; be there at the iron-gate, which you shewed me just now; and, as the post chaise comes round, I will stop and take you in.

Dian. Dear Harman, let me beg of you to desist.

Har. Dear Diana, let me beg of you to go on.

Dian. I shall never have resolution to carry me through it.

Har. We shall have four horses, my dear, and they will assist us.

Dian. In short—I——cannot go with you.

Har. But before me—Into the garden—Won't you?

Dian. Ha, ha, ha.

Come then, pining, peevish lover,

Tell me what to do and say;

From your doleful dumps recover,

Smile, and it shall have its way.

With their humours thus to tease us,

Men are sure the strangest elves!

Silly creatures, would you please us,

You should still seem pleas'd yourselves. [*Exit.*

Enter Colonel Oldboy.

Col. Hey-day! what's the meaning of this? Who is it went out of the room there? Have you and my daughter been in conference, Mr. Harman?

Har. Yes, faith, sir, she has been taking me to task here very severely, with regard to this affair; and she has said so much against it, and put it into such a strange light—

Col. A busy, impertinent baggage; egad, I wish I had caught

caught her meddling, and after I ordered her not : but you have sent to the girl, and you say she is ready to go with you ; you must not disappoint her now.

Har. No, no, Colonel ; I always have politeness enough to hear a lady's reasons, but constancy enough to keep a will of my own.

Col. Very well—now let me ask you—Don't you think it would be proper on this occasion, to have a letter ready writ for the father, to let him know who has got his daughter, and so forth ?

Har. Certainly, sir ; and I'll write it directly.

Col. You write it ! you be damned ! I won't trust you with it ; I tell you, Harman, you'll commit some cursed blunder, if you don't leave the management of this whole affair to me : I have writ the letter for you myself.

Har. Have you, sir ?

Col. Ay—here, read it ; I think it's the thing : however, you are welcome to make any alteration.

Har. SIR, *I have loved your daughter a great while secretly ; she assures me there are no hopes of your consenting to our marriage ; I therefore take her without it. I am a gentleman, who will use her well ; and, when you consider the matter, I dare swear you will be willing to give her a fortune. If not, you shall find I dare behave myself like a man—A word to the wise—You must expect to hear from me in another stile.*

Col. Now, sir, I will tell you what you must do with this letter : as soon as you have got off with the girl, sir, send your servant back to leave it at the house, with orders to have it delivered to the old gentleman.

Har. Upon my honour I will, Colonel.

Col. But upon my honour, I don't believe you'll get the girl——Come, Harman, I'll bet you a buck and six dozen of burgundy, that you won't have spirit enough to bring this affair to a crisis.

Har. And I say done first, Colonel.

Col. Then look into the court there, sir ; a chaise, with four of the prettiest bay geldings in England, with two boys in scarlet and silver jackets, that will whisk you along.

Har. Boys ! Colonel ? Little cupids, to transport me to the summit of my desires.

Col. Ay, but for all that, it mayn't be amiss for me to talk to them a little out of the widow for you. Dick, come hither ; you are to go with this gentleman, and do
whatever.

whatever he bids you ; and take into the chaise whoever he pleases ; and, drive like devils, do you hear ?—but be kind to the dumb beasts.

Har. Le ve me to that, sir——And so, my dear Colonel, bon voyage ! [Exit.]

Enter Lady Mary, and then Fenny.

Lady M. Mr. Oldboy, here is a note for Sir John Flowerdale ; it is addressed to me, entreating my son to come over there again this morning. A maid brought it : she is in the anti-chamber— We had better speak to her— Child, child, why don't you come in ?

Fen I choose to stay where I am, if your Ladyship pleases.

Lady M. Stay where you are !—why so ?

Fen. I am afraid of the old gentleman there.

Col. Afraid of me, hussy ?

Lady M. Pray, Colonel, have patience—Afraid ? —— Here is something at the bottom of this.—What did you mean by that expression, child ?

Fen. Why, the Colonel knows very well, madam, he wanted to be rude with me yesterday.

Lady M. Oh, Mr. O'dboy !

Col. Lady Mary, don't provoke me, but let me talk to the girl about her business. How came you to bring this note here ?

Fen. Why, Sir John gave it to me, to deliver it to my uncle Jenkins, and I took it down to his house ; but while we were talking together, he remembered that he had some business with Sir John, so he desired me to bring it, because he said it was not proper to be sent by any of the common servants.

Lady M. Colonel, look in my face, and help blushing if you can.

Col. What the plague's the matter, my Lady ! I have not been wronging you now, as you call it.

Fen. Indeed, madam, he offered to make me his kept madam—I am sure, his usage of me put me into such a twitter, that I did not know what I was doing all the day after.

Lady M. I don't doubt it, though I so lately forgave him ; but as the poet says, his sex is all deceit. Read Pamela hild, and resist temptation.

Fen. Yes, madam, I will.

Col. Why, I tell you, my Lady, it was all a joke.

Fen. No, sir, it was no joke ; you made me a proffer
of

of money—so you did—whereby I told you, you had a lady of your own; and that though she was old, you had no right to despise her.

Lady M. And how dare you, mistress, make use of my name? Is it for such trollops as you to talk of persons of distinction behind their backs?

Jen. Why, madam, I only said you was in years.

Lady M. Sir John Flowerdale shall be informed of your impertinence, and you shall be turned out of the family; I see you are a confident creature, and I believe you are no better than you should be.

Jen. I scorn your words, madam.

Lady M. Get out of the room: how dare you stay in this room, to talk impudently to me?

Jen. Very well, madam, I shall let my Lady know how you have used me; but I shan't be turned out of my place, madam; nor at a loss, if I am—and if you are angry with every one that won't say you are young, I believe there is few you will keep friends with.

I wonder, I'm sure, why this fuss should be made;

For my part I'm neither ashamed nor afraid

Of what I have done, nor of what I have said.

A servant, I hope, is no slave;

And tho', to their shames,

Some ladies call names,

I know better how to behave.

Times are not so bad,

If occasion I had,

Nor my character such I need starve on't;

And for going away,

I don't want to stay,

And so I'm your Ladyship's servant.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Jessamy.

Jes. What is the matter here?

Lady M. I will have a separate maintenance—I will indeed. Only a new instance of your father's infidelity, my dear. Then with such low wretches, farmers daughters, and servant wenches: but any thing with a cap on, 'tis all the same to him.

Jes. Upon my word, sir, I am sorry to tell you, that those practices very ill suit the character which you ought to support in the world.

Lady M. Is this a recompence for my love and regard? I, who have been tender and faithful as a turtle dove?

Jes.

Jes. A man of your birth and distinction, should methinks have views of a higher nature, than such low, such vulgar libertinism.

Lady M. Consider my birth and family, too—*Lady Mary Jessamy* might have had the best matches in England.

Jes. Then, sir, your grey hairs.—

Lady M. I; that have brought you so many lovely, sweet babes.—

Jes. Nay, sir, it is a reflection on me.

Lady M. The heinous sin, too—

Jes. Indeed, sir, I blush for you.

Col. 'Sdeath and fire, you little effeminate puppy, do you know who you talk to?—And you, madam, do you know who I am!—Get up to your chamber, or zounds, I'll make such a—

Lady M. Ah! my dear, come away from him. [*Exit. Enter a Servant.*]

Col. Am I to be tutored, and called to an account!—How now, you scoundrel, what do you want?

Serv. A letter, sir.

Col. A letter—from whom, sirrah?

Serv. The gentleman's servant, an't please your Honour, that left this just now in the post-chaise—the gentleman my young lady went away with.

Col. Your young lady, sirrah! Your young lady went away with no gentleman, you dog—What gentleman! What young lady, sirrah!

Jes. There is some mystery in this—With your leave, sir, I'll open the letter—I believe it contains no secrets.

Col. What are you going to do, you jackanapes?—you shan't open a letter of mine—Dy—Diana—Somebody call my daughter to me there—*To John Oldboy, Esq.*—SIR, I have loved your daughter a great while secretly Consenting to our marriage—

Jes. So so.

Col. You villain, you dog, what is it you have brought me here?

Serv. Please your honour, if you'll have patience, I'll tell your honour—As I told your honour before, the gentleman's servant that went off just now in the post-chaise, came to the gate, and left it after his master was gone. I saw my young lady go into the chaise with the gentleman.

Jes. A very fine joke, indeed—Pray, Colonel, do you generally write letters to yourself! Why, this is your own hand.

Col.

Col. Call all the servants in the house——let horses be saddled directly——every one take a different road.

Serv. Why, your Honour, Dick said it was by your own orders.

Col. My Orders! you rascal? I thought he was going to run away with another gentleman's daughter—Dy——Diana Oldboy.

Jes. Don't waste your lungs to no purpose, sir; your daughter is half a dozen miles off by this time.

Col. Sirrah, you have been bribed to further the scheme of a pick-pocket here.

Jes. Besides, the matter is entirely of your own contriving, as well as the letter and spirit of this elegant epistle.

Col. You are a coxcomb, and I'll disinherit you; the letter is none of my writing, it was writ by the devil, and the devil contrived it. Diana, Margaret, my Lady Mary, William, John——

[*Exit.*]

Jes. I am very glad of this——prodigiously glad of it, upon my honour—he! he! he!——it will be a jest this hundred years.——(*bells ring violently on both sides.*)—O! her Ladyship has heard of it, and is at the bell, and the Colonel answers her.——A pretty duet! but a little too much upon the forte, methinks. It would be a diverting thing now, to stand unseen at the old gentleman's elbow.

Colonel Oldboy re-enters, with one boot, a great-coat on his arm, &c. followed by several Servants.

Col. She's gone, by the Lord; fairly stole away, with that poaching, coney-catching rascal! However, I won't follow her; no, damme; take my whip and my cap, and my coat, and order my groom to unsaddle the hories; I won't follow her the length of a spur-leather.——Come here, you sir, and pull off my boots——[*whistles.*] she has made a fool of me once, she shan't do it a second time—not but I'll be revenged, too, for I'll never give her sixpence; the disappointment will put the scoundrel out of temper, and he'll thrash her a dozen times a day——The thought pleases me; I hope he'll do it.——

What do you stand gaping and staring at, you impudent dog? are you laughing at me? I'll teach you to be merry at my expence.——

A rascal, a huffey; zounds! she that I counted

In temper so mild, so unpractis'd in evil;

I set her on horseback, and, no sooner mounted,

Then

Then crack, whip and spur, she rides post to the devil.
 But there let her run,
 Be ruin'd, undone ;
 If I go to catch her,
 Or back again fetch her,
 I'm worse than the son of a gun.
 A mischief possess'd me to marry ;
 And further my folly to carry,
 To be still more a for,
 Sons and daughters I got,
 And pretty ones, by the Lord Harry. [Exeunt.

SCENE, *Clarissa's dressing-room : Clarissa enters melancholy, with a book in her hand, followed by Jenny.*

Clar. Where have you been Jenny ? I was enquiring for you—why will you go out, without letting me know ?

Jen. Dear ma'am, never any thing happened so unlucky ; I am sorry you wanted me——But I was sent to Colonel Oldboy's with a letter, where I have been so used——Lord have mercy upon me—quality, indeed—I say, quality!—Pray madam, do you think that I looks any ways like an immodest person ?—to be sure, I have a gay air, and I can't help it, and I loves to appear a little genteelish, that's what I do.

Clar. Jenny, take away this book.

Jen. Heaven preserve me, madam, you are crying.

Clar. O my dear Jenny !

Jen. My dear mistress, what's the matter ?

Clar. I am undone.

Jen. No, madam ; no, Lord forbid !

Clar. I am indeed—I have been rash enough to discover my weakness for a man, who treats me with contempt.

Jen. Is Mr. Lionel ungrateful, then ?

Clar. I have lost his esteem for ever, Jenny. Since last night, that I fatally confessed what I should have kept a secret from all the world, he has scarce condescended to cast a look at me, nor given me an answer when I spoke to him, but with coldness and reserve.

Jen. Then he is a nasty, barbarous, unhuman brute.

Clar. Hold, Jenny, hold ; it is all my fault.

Jen. Your fault, madam ! I wish I was to hear such a word come out of his mouth : if he was a minister to-morrow, and to say such a thing from his pulpit, and I by, I'd tell him it was false, upon the spot.

Clar. Somebody's at the door ; see who it is.

Jen. You in fault, indeed !—that I know to be the most virtuous, nicest, most delicate—

Clar. How now ?

Jen. Madam, it's a message from Mr. Liouel. If you are alone and at leisure, he would be glad to wait upon you : I'll tell him, madam, that you are busy.

Clar. Where is he, Jenny ?

Jen. In the study, the man says.

Clar. Then go to him, and tell him I should be glad to see him—But do not bring him up immediately, because I will stand in the balcony a few minutes for a little air.

Jen. Do so, dear madam, for your eyes are as red as ferrets ; you are ready to faint, too—Mercy on us !—for what do you grieve and vex yourself ?—If I was as you—

[*Exit.*

Clar. Oh !

Why with sighs my heart is swelling,
Why with tears my eyes o'erflow ;
Ask me not, 'tis past the telling,
Mute involuntary woe.

Who to winds and waves a stranger,
Vent'rous tempts the inconstant seas,
In each billow fancies danger,
Shrinks at every rising breeze.

[*Exit.*

Enter Sir John Flowerdale, and Jenkins.

Sir John. So then the mystery is discovered—but is it possible that my daughter's refusal of Colonel Oldboy's son should proceed from a clandestine engagement, and that engagement with Lionel ?

Jen. My niece, sir, is in her young lady's secrets, and, Lord knows, she had little design to betray them ; but having remarked some odd expressions of hers yesterday, when she came down to me this morning with the letter, I questioned her ; and, in short, drew the whole affair out : upon which I feigned a recollection of some business with you, and desired her to carry the letter to Colonel Oldboy's herself, while I came up hither.

Sir John. And they are mutually promised to each other, and that promise was exchanged yesterday ?

Jen. Yes, sir, and it is my duty to tell you ; else I would rather die than be the means of wounding the heart

heart of my dear young lady; for if there is one upon earth of truly delicate sentiments—

Sir John. I thought so once, Jenkins.

Jen. And think so still: O, good Sir John, now is the time for you to exert that character of worth and gentleness, which the world so deservedly has given you. You have indeed cause to be offended; but consider, sir, your daughter is young, beautiful, and amiable; the poor youth unexperienced, sensible, and at a time of life when such temptations are hard to be resisted—Their opportunities were many, their cast of thinking the same.—

Sir John. Jenkins, I can allow for all these things; but the young hypocrites—there's the thing, Jenkins—their hypocrisy; their hypocrisy wounds me.

Jen. Call it by a gentler name, sir—modesty on her part, apprehension on his.

Sir John. Then what opportunity have they had?—they never were together but when my sister or myself made one of the company; besides, I had so firm a reliance on Lionel's honour and gratitude.—

Jen. Sir, I can never think that Nature stamped that gracious countenance of his, to mask a corrupt heart.

Sir John. How! at the very time that he was conscious of being himself the cause of it, did he not shew more concern at this affair than I did? Nay, don't I tell you that last night, of his own accord, he offered to be a mediator in the affair, and desired my leave to speak to my daughter? I thought myself obliged to him, consulted; and, in consequence of his assurance of success, wrote that letter to Colonel Olbovy, to desire the family would come her again to-day.

Jen. Sir, as we were standing in the next room, I heard a message delivered from Mr. Lionel, desiring leave to wait upon your daughter; I dare swear they will be here presently; suppose we were to step into that closet, and overhear their conversation?

Sir John. What, Jenkins, after having lived so many years in confidence with my child, shall I become an eaves-dropper, to detect her?

Jen. It is necessary, at present.—Come in, my dear master—Let us only consider that we were once young like them; subject to the same passions, the same indiscretions; and it is the duty of every man to pardon errors incident to his kind.

When love gets into a youthful brain,
 Instruction is fruitless, and caution vain :
 Prudence may cry *do so* ;
 But if Love says *No*,
 Poor Prudence may go,
 With her preaching,
 And teaching,
 To Jericho.
 Dear sir, in old age,
 'Tis not hard to be sage,
 And 'tis easy to point the way ;
 But do or say,
 What we may,
 Love and youth will have their day. [Exeunt.

Enter Clarissa and Lionel.

Clar. Sir, you desired to speak to me ; I need not tell you the present situation of my heart ; it is full. Whatever you have to say, I beg you will explain yourself ; and, if possible, rid me of the anxiety under which I have laboured for some hours.

Lion. Madam, your anxiety cannot be greater than mine—I come, indeed, to speak to you ; and yet, I know not how, I come to advise you—shall I say, as a friend ?—yes, as a friend to your glory, your felicity—dearer to me than my life.

Clar. Go on, sir.

Lion. Sir John Flowerdale, madam, is such a father as few are blessed with ; his care, his prudence has provided for you a match—Your refusal renders him inconsolable.—Listen to no suggestions that would pervert you from your duty ; but make the worthiest of men happy, by submitting to his will.

Clar. How, sir, after what passed between us yesterday evening, can you advise me to marry Mr. Jessamy ?

Lion. I would advise you to marry any one, madam, rather than a villain.

Clar. A villain, sir ?

Lion. I should be the worst of villains, madam, was I to talk to you in any other strain : nay, am I not a villain, at once treacherous and ungrateful ? Received into this house as an asylum—what have I done ! Betrayed the confidence of the friend that trusted me ; endeavoured to sacrifice his peace, and the honour of his family, to my own unwarrantable desires.

Clar.

Clar. Say no more, sir; say no more; I see my error too late; I have parted from the rules prescribed to my sex: I have mistaken indecorum for a laudable sincerity; and it is just I should meet with the treatment my imprudence deserves.

Lion. 'Tis I, and only I, am to blame; while I took advantage of the father's security, I practised upon the tenderness and ingenuity of the daughter; my own imagination gone astray, I artfully laboured to lead yours after it: but here, madam, I give you back those vows which I insiduously extorted from you; keep them for some happier man, who may receive them without wounding his honour, or his peace.

Clar. For Heaven's sake!

Lion. Why do you weep?

Clar. Don't speak to me.

Lion. Oh! my Clarissa, my heart is broke; I am hateful to myself for loving you—yet, before I leave you for ever, I will once more touch that lovely hand—indulge my fondness with a last look—pray for your wealth and prosperity.

Clar. Can you forsake me?—Have I then given my affections to a man who rejects and disregards them?—Let me throw myself at my father's feet; he is generous and compassionate—He knows your worth—

Lion. Mention it not; were you stript of fortune, reduced to the meanest station, and I monarch of the globe, I should glory in raising you to universal empire; but as it is—

Clar. Yet hear me—

Lion. Farewel, farewel!

O day those tears! like melted ore,
Fast dropping on my heart they fall:
Think, think no more of me; no more
The memory of past scenes recal.

On a wild sea of passion tost,
I split upon the fatal self;
Friendship and love at once are lost,
And now I wish to lose myself.

[Exit.

Enter Jenny.

Jen. O Madam! I have betrayed you. I have gone and said something I should not have said, to my uncle Jenkins; and, as sure as day, he has gone and told it all to Sir John.

Clar. My father !

Enter Sir John Flowerdale.

Sir John. Go, Jenkins, and desire that young gentleman to come back—Stay, where are you?—But what have I done to my child? How have I deserved that you should treat me like an enemy? Has there been any undesigned rigour in my conduct, or terror in my look?

Enter Jenkins and Lionel.

Clar. Oh, sir !

Jenk. Here is Mr. Lionel.

Sir John. Come in—When I tell you that I am instructed in all your proceedings, and that I have been ear-witness to your conversation in this place, you will, perhaps, imagine what my thoughts are of you, and the measures which justice prescribes me to follow.

Lion. Sir, I have nothing to say in my own defence ; I stand before you self-convicted, self-condemned, and shall submit without murmuring to the sentence of my judge.

Sir John. As for you, Clarissa, since your earliest infancy, you have known no parent but me ; I have been to you, at once, both father and mother ; and that I might the better fulfil those united duties, though left a widower in the prime of my days, I would never enter into a second marriage—I loved you for your likeness to your dear mother ; but that mother never deceived me—and there the likeness fails—you have repaid my affection with dissimulation—Clarissa, you should have trusted me.

Jen. O, my dear sweet Lady !—

Sir John. As for you, Mr. Lionel, what terms can I find strong enough to paint the excess of my friendship !—I loved, I esteemed, I honoured your father : he was a brave, a generous, and a sincere man ; I thought you inherited his good qualities—you were left an orphan, I adopted you, put you upon the footing of my own son ; educated you like a gentleman, and designed you for a profession, to which, I thought, your virtues would have been an ornament.

Jen. Dear me, dear me !

Jenk. Hold your tongue.

Sir John. What return you have made me, you seem to be acquainted with yourself : and, therefore, I shall not repeat it—Yet, remember, as an aggravation of your guilt, that the last mark of my bounty was conferred upon you

you in the very instant when you were undermining my designs. Now, sir, I have but one thing more to say to you—Take my daughter: was she worth a million, she is at your service.

Lion. To me, sir!—your daughter!—do you give her to me?—Without fortune—without friends—without—

Sir John. You have them all in your heart; him whom virtue raises, fortune cannot abase.

Clar. O, sir, let me on my knees kiss that dear hand—acknowledge my error, and entreat forgiveness and blessing.

Sir John. You have not erred, my dear daughter, you have distinguished. It is I should ask pardon for this little trial of you; for I am happier in the son-in-law you have given me, than if you had married a prince—

Lion. My patron—my friend—my father—I would fain say something; but, as your goodness exceeds all bounds—

Sir John. I think I hear a coach drive into the court—it is Colonel Oldboy's family: I will go and receive them. Don't make yourself uneasy at this; we must endeavour to pacify them as well as we can. My dear Lionel, if I have made you happy, you have made me so. Heaven bless you, my children, and make you deserving of one another.

[*Exeunt Sir John, and Jenkins.*]

Jen. O, dear madam, upon my knees I humbly beg your forgiveness—Dear Mr. Lionel, forgive me—I did not design to discover it, indeed—and you won't turn me off, madam, will you? I'll serve you for nothing.

Clar. Get up, my good Jenny; I freely forgive you, if there is any thing to be forgiven. I know you love me; and, I am sure, here is one who will join with me in rewarding your service.

Jen. Well, if I did not know, as sure as could be, that some good would happen, by my left eye itching this morning.

Lion. O bliss unexpected! my joys overpower me!

My love, my Clarissa, what words shall I find!

Remorse, desperation, no longer devour me—

He blest us, and peace is restor'd to my mind.

Clar. He blest us! O rapture! Like one I recover

Whom death had appall'd without hope, without aid;

A moment depriv'd me of father and lover,

A moment restores, and my pangs are repaid.

Lion.

Lion. Forsaken, abandon'd,

Clar. ————— What folly! what blindness!

Lion. We fortune accus'd,

Clar. ————— and the fates that decreed:

A. 2. But pain was inflicted by Heaven, out of kindness.

To heighten the joys that were doom'd to succeed.

Our day was o'ercast;

But brighter the scene is,

The sky more serene is,

And softer the calm for the hurricane past. [*Ex.*

Enter Lady Mary Oldboy, leaning on a servant, Jessamy leading her; and afterward, Sir John Flowerdale, with Colonel Olaboy.

Lady M. 'Tis all in vain, my dear—set me down any where; I can't go a step further.—I knew, when Mr. Oldboy insisted upon my coming, that I should be seized with a mesgrim by the way; and it's well I did not die in the coach.

Jes. But, pr'ythee, why will you let yourself be affected with such trifles—Nothing more common than for young women of fashion to go off with low fellows.

Lady M. O my feel, my dear, how I tremble! Not a nerve but what is in agitation; and my blood runs cold, cold!

Jes. Well, but, Lady Mary, don't let us expose ourselves to those people; I see there is not one of the rascals about us that has not a grin upon his countenance.

Lady M. Expose ourselves! my dear? Your father will be as ridiculous as Hudib as, or Don Quixotte.

Jes. Yes, he will be very ridiculous indeed.

Sir John. I give you my word, my good friend and neighbour, the joy I feel on this occasion is greatly allayed by the disappointment of an alliance with your family; but I have explained to you how things have happened—You see my situation; and as you are kind enough to consider it yourself, I hope you will excuse it to your son.

Lady M. Sir John Flowerdale, how do you do? You see we have obeyed your summons; and I have the pleasure to assure you, that my son yielded to my entreaties with very little disagreement: in short, if I may speak metaphorically, he is content to stand candidate again—notwithstanding his late repulse, when he hopes for an unanimous election.

Col. Well, but, my Lady, you may save your rhetoric

ric; for the borough is disposed of, to a worthier member.

Jes. What do you say, sir?

Enter Lionel and Clarissa.

Sir John. Here are my son and daughter.

Lady M. Is this pretty, Sir John?

Sir John. Believe me, madam, it is not for want of a just sense of Mr. Jessamy's merit, that this affair has gone off on any side; but the heart is a delicate thing; and after it has once felt, if the object is meritorious, the impression is not easily effaced—it would, therefore, have been an injury to him, to have given him in appearance, what another in reality possessed.

Jes. Upon my honour, upon my soul, Sir John, I am not in the least offended at this contretemps.—Pray, Lady Mary, say no more about it.

Col. Tol, lol, lol, lol.

Sir John. But, my dear Colonel, I am afraid, after all, this affair is taken amiss by you; yes, I see you are angry on your son's account; but, let me repeat it, I have a very high opinion of his merit.

Col. Ay? that's more than I have. Taken amiss! I don't take any thing amiss; I never was in better spirits, or more pleased, in my life.

Sir John. Come, you are uneasy at something, Colonel?

Col. Me! Gad, I am not uneasy.—Are you a justice of peace? Then you could give me a warrant, cou'dn't you? You must know, Sir John, a little accident has happened in my family since I saw you last; you and I may shake hands—Daughters, sir, daughters! Your's has snapt at a young fellow without your approbation—and how do you think mine has served me this morning?—only run away with the scoundrel I brought to dinner here yesterday.

Sir John. I am excessively concerned.

Col. Now I'm not a bit concerned—No, damn me, I am glad it has happened; yet, thus far I'll confess, I should be sorry that either of them would come in my way, because a man's temper may sometimes get the better of him; and I believe I should be tempted to break her neck, and blow his brains out.

Clar. But pray, sir, explain this affair.

Col. I can explain it no farther—Dy, my daughter Dy, has run away from us.

Enter

Enter Diana, and Harman.

Dian. No, my dear papa, I am not run away ; and, upon my knees I entreat your pardon for the folly I have committed ; but let it be some alleviation, that duty and affection were too strong to suffer me to carry it to extremity : and, if you knew the agony I have been in, since I saw you last——

Lady M. How's this ?

Har. Sir, I restore your daughter to you, whose fault, as far as it goes, I must also take upon myself ; we have been known to each other for some time ; as Lady Richly, your sister, in London, can acquaint you——

Col. Dy, come here——Now, you rascal, where's your sword ; if you are a gentleman, you shall fight me ; if you are a scrub, I'll horse whip you——Draw, sirrah——Shut the door there, don't let him escape.

Har. Sir, don't imagine I want to escape ; I am extremely sorry for what has happened, but am ready to give you any satisfaction you think proper.

Col. Follow me into the garden, then——Zounds ! I have no sword about me——Sir John Flowerdale——lend me a case of pistols, or a couple of guns, and come and see fair play.

Clar. My dear papa !

Dian. Sir John Flowerdale——O my indiscretion !—we came here, sir, to beg your mediation in our favour.

Lady M. Mr Oldby, if you attempt to fight, I shall expire.

Sir John. P ay, Colonel, let me speak a word to you in private.

C l. Slugs and a saw-pit——

J f. Wh y, Miss Dy, you are a perfect heroine for a romance——And, pray, who is this courteous knight ?

Lady M. O sir, you that I thought such a pretty behaved gentleman !——

J f. What business are you of, friend ?

Har. My chief trade, sir, is plain dealing ; and as that is a commodity you have no reason to be very fond of, I would not advise you to purchase any of it, by impertinence.

Col. And is this what you would advise me to ?

Sir John. It is, indeed, my dear old friend ; as things are situated, there is, in my opinion, no other prudent method of proceeding ; and it is the method I would adopt myself, was I in your case.

Col.

Col. Why, I believe, you are in the right of it—say what you will for me then.

Sir John. Well! young people, I have been able to use a few arguments, which have softened my neighbour here, and in some measure pacified his resentment. I find, sir, you are a gentleman by your connections?

Har. Sir, till it is found that my character and family will bear the strictest scrutiny, I desire no favour—And for fortune——

Col. Oh! Rot your fortune, I don't mind that—I know you are a gentleman, or Dick Rantum would not have recommended you. And so, Dy, kifs and friends.

Jes. What, sir, have you no more to say to the man who has used you so ill?

Col. Used me ill?—That's as I take it—he has done a mettled thing; and, perhaps, I like him the better for it; it's long before you would have spirit enough to run away with a wench—Harman, give me your hand; let's hear no more of this now——Sir John Flowerdale, what say you? shall we spend the day together, and dedicate it to love and harmony?

Sir John. With all my heart.

Col. Then take off my great coat.

Lion. Come then all ye social powers,
Shed your influence o'er us,
Crown with blifs the present hours,
And lighten those before us.
May the just, the generous kind,
Still see that you regard 'em:
And Lionel for ever find
Clarissas to reward 'em.

Clar. Love, thy godhead I adore,
Source of sacred passion;
But will never come before
Those idols, wealth, or fashion.
May, like me, each maiden wife,
From the fop defend her;
Learning, sense, and virtue prize,
And scorn the vain pretender.

Har. Why the plague should men be sad,
While in time we moulder?
Grave, or gay, or vex'd, or glad,
We every day grow older.

Bring

LIONEL AND CLARISSA, &c.

Bring the flask, the music bring,
 Joy will quickly find us;
 Drink, and laugh, and dance, and sing,
 And cast our cares behind us.

Dian. How shall I escape—so naught,
 On filial laws to trample;
 I'll e'en courtsey, own my fault,
 And plead papa's example.
 Parents, 'tis a hint to you;
 Children oft are shameless,
 Oft transgress—the thing's too true—
 But are you always blameless?

Col. One word more, before we go;
 Girls and boys have patience;
 You to friends must something owe,
 As well as to relations.
 These kind gentlemen address—
 What tho' we forgave 'em,
 Still they must be lost, unless
 You lend a hand to save 'em.

THE END.

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